Unfinished TJ/Alex Lore + Erotic Stuff-

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Alex and TJ spend most of their days together. Being TJ's PR agent and assistant he is usually the one side by side with the receptionist mutually sucking and stroking the cheetah's giant throbbing rod. Alex's career centers around filming and photographing his husband both for his company Hellcats Inc., but also for the mountains of porn on Filthville's equivalent of the internet. Alex almost exclusively eats cheetah shit like a greedy boy when he spends a chunk of his day almost every day inside of TJ. He adores hearing TJ purr when he lays massive steaming cable with him packed in among all the shit and death. Licking shit off of skulls and other trophies is fairly routine when they make bone ash that's turned into fine china and other ceramics. Pottery is one of Alex's hobbies when he isn't worshipping his stud. He makes turning corpses into art one of his specialties he is fairly famous for in Filthville aside from his photography.

He's gay but doesn't mind his husband's bisexuality. Especially when their daughter has a massive cock she loves using Alex like a cocksleeve on. Like TJ their not so little princess towers over him, but he is used to being small when the love of his life is over fourteen feet tall at his smallest. TJ is a fairly giant kitty and Alex is his favorite bitch boy ass plug.

TJ is a fairly insatiable beast. Unsurprisingly everyone in their family are hyper sexual sex addicts. Thinking with your cock is a fairly universal state of mind for most men in Filthville. Even among men though TJ is a untamable monster. Those balls churn and gurgle with gallons of seed day and night. He spews thick hyperpotent ballpuke like a goddamned fire hydrant broke loose regardless of how many times he cums. In the rarer moments he is flaccid that massive horsecock smears and weeps precome over the floor. Its so big it never retracts fully into TJ's sheath and dangles around his ankles. At full mast its thicker around than TJ's upper torso and throbs well past his forelegs like a giant perverse battering ram. The HEFT drones that normally carry vore bellies and vore sacs generally assist TJ's balls that otherwise would carve into the pavement behind them they are that heavy and full. TJ's refractory period between orgasm and arousal is so small he is rearing to go again either in minutes or simply does not go flaccid at all even after he cums. Release for him like his brothers is a tauntingly short-lived relief before he is on that tantalizing hook again and needs to cum so fucking bad he acts like a man starved when going to town on his partners.

His raw size and strength make him someone only an expert slut can attempt to handle. Even Alex is quickly worn out on his husband's demanding dick. This same drive is also linked to his… appetite.

Its hard to put to words exactly what TJ feels but his metabolic rate makes him hot to the touch and positively -ravenous- at all hours of the day. He is constantly hungry. No matter how many people he eats he can never

quench his hunger. He's tried and its always gnawing at him even when he goes maco and zeroes the populations of entire worlds. It doesn't stop. This is only made worse by having multiple stomachs and they are all begging for more, always more. Some call it a curse, but to TJ it's a precious gift. Even when devouring entire civilizations to extinction through the woodchipper that is his bowels. A distended gut full of churning meat is enough to make him cum with glee at times.

Among the harbingers TJ is probably the nicest one. So nice Blake and Cal coach him on how to be a asshole. TJ allows it when he does sometimes envy his brother's charisma and he knows Nikki and Alex like it when he acts crude, rude, and dominant. This naturally led to TJ trying out things like cucking… even if its kind of hard to call it that when Blake and Cal adore TJ. They haven't even married his daughter yet and eagerly call him dad. Nice to a fault, its not uncommon for him to break character on accident when making love to his family. I somewhat ruins the immersion but they all appreciate him trying.

Cheetah shit is naturally the primary menu for his family who salivate like mad dogs over his ass. When you eat people like popcorn you generally take obscenely massive shits. TJ is no different having to shit almost constantly throughout the day every day. He doesn't know what the relief of a empty colon feels like because he's never not been able to lay gloriously thick cable that would make a stallion's jaw drop on demand. He's always pushed and started to shit. Its constant and unending to him as much as it feels so fucking good. Its hard to not be constantly horny when your pucker is gaped open wide around a monster load you just push and push and push and it just never stops.

Needless to say that eating, fucking, and shitting are TJ's three favorite activities and he likes combining all three whenever possible.

Like Alex everyone has their hobbies and for TJ its cooking. Despite being a massive predator TJ is also a massive foodie who generally loves cooking for his family. This is why Alex doesn't even bother in the kitchen because everything is TJ-scaled. Alex would need a ladder to reach the countertops. It still feels surreal to be sitting on a countertop as long as a bus not because you are small, but your husband is a giant stupidly thick cheetah with a dumptruck ass so gloriously huge it'd put an actual dumptruck to shame. When laying on the couch Alex generally prefers lounging on TJ's balls. Unless TJ demands its cuddle time and Alex needs to spend an hour in his husband's arms like a living plush. As much as TJ enjoys eating him he feels like it was ultimately a good thing Alex became a Voracanix. They spend more time together as a couple as a result now that Alex can't digest inside of him. For mental health they elect one night a week where it is just the two of them. TJ will slowly and tantrically fuck Alex for hours exploring his body and tending to his every need. Kissing him, masturbating him, its only the two of them for the entire day. Pushing cum and catnip past TJ's lips when they kiss. TJ rubs his cock all over Alex who massages every inch of that throbbing monster. THe delivery boys know to come back the next day to get fucked six ways to Sunday if they want that tip if they order out. Its there day where the only holes being pillaged are Alex's. TJ will fuck Alex until he is too sore to continue and will shove him inside a literal cocksleeve to be massaged by his cock while he chases orgasm again and again and again whilst keeping his husband close to his veiny throbbing need the entire time. On this special day phones are

set to do not disturb and neither work. Its their day to relax and fuck to their hearts content. Alex also entertains his husband by eating sushi off of his cock and kissing over every inch of it. TJ will also finger and fist him periodically just to give his ass attention.

Ever the romantic, TJ will sometimes let Alex shit right into his maw. Letting Alex fill his maw up before gulping it down and kissing his husband's ass with genuine love.

Despite it being a futile effort TJ will periodically shower and values grooming. It makes getting splattered head to toe in shit shortly after more fun to him. Granted, he showers but never uses soap. So few things reduce the sheer stench that is just standing in his vicinity. He'll also periodically rub oil over his fur to give it a sheen even as hot and heavy logs roll off his balls.

TJ's bright glowing red eyes flickered open in the darkness and dimness of his bed chambers. The gargantuan cheetah taurs great mass shifting with a soft, sloppy rumbling shart into the pool of shit he and his loved ones were resting comfortably in. Logs thumping and thudding with a hot squelch into the muck that cling to and oozed off his shit-splattered form. Equine rod caressing the heated pool of shit to staring at his busband. The giant taur's balls sloshed and gurgled as his throbbing rod spilled past his forelegs at nearly full mast seeing the jaguar's fat ass slowly shitting into the muck in his sleep.

He was a gorgeous sight all cuddled up to a hard log of shit he cuddled like one would a plushie, shitting slowly, constantly in his sleep. He resisted the urge to wake his love with the pleasure of threading him right onto his cock first thing in the morning. He'd done so plenty of times before, but there was no rush today. Mercifully he hadn't rolled his stomachs in his sleep this time as he so often did usually. He was shitting rather effortlessly this morning, a welcomed change of pace as the cheetah stretched and grunted.

Awake now, a column of hot, sticky cheetah shit rocketed across the room with incredible force. Massive as the cheetah's stunningly ample bosom was. An ass that could make a stallion whimper in jealousy. It truly felt amazing to stand up and immediately let the logs flow first thing in the morning without assistance. TJ throbbed, shooting ropes of precome across the room as gas hissed and expulsed around the log, TJ tempering his efforts to push as to not wake the whole house with the sheer power of his ass. The whole tower rumbled sometimes when he or Reaver awakened.

The malignant miasma that wafted off the cheetah's rancid form was in peak form from his workout yesterday. He was smelling particularly putrid today with a BO you could huff hundreds of feet away as him and his sweaty, grime covered balls all spattered in shit dragged across the the pool of shit onto the heavily marred and marked tile of his luxuriously disgusting cesspit he used as his bed. Flames still stoked, keeping his love's slumbering form warm and peaceful. Cooing, moaning softly to undoubtedly the sweetest and sexiest dreams. The fag sucked his man's cock even in his dreams TJ thought pleasantly. His heart swelled with affection. It took active effort not to return and force the jaguar awake to make love to him first thing. Blast his cubs right up his sloppy shitter. He focused that affection to do something for him and his family. He'd make breakfast today.

He was a demon lord. Aristocracy, royalty one could even say as the brother of the king. He was a lord of obscene wealth and power, but TJ's main hobby was being a astutely gifted gourmand who adored cooking.

TJ's household was not your usual picture of royal accommodations. His modern mega mansion that hung off the side of Solaris Tower's upper floors was both a modern-day fortress and a model of modern technology and comfort. By default, TJ insisted the floors be laid with marble, waterproofed for the fact the cleanest this place looked and smelled was after the cleaning crew shoveled and squeegee the cum, piss, and shit stains off the floors, walls, and ceilings when they were away. Even then nothing really could be done to diminish the stench that perforated the very bones of this den. His home. The walls smelled strongly of cheetah ballsweat and shit regardless of how much his cute fat-bottomed submissive maid sluts scrubbed and licked with their tongues. Though as TJ assured them, if they wanted to taste cheetah shit proper they need only visit when he returned. Most of them took up that offer of course. Getting addicted to cat shit wasn't unique to TJ's home alone. TJ sashayed his way over to the rims of his bedroom and found his earpods charging port built tough for a supernatural being of his strength he could bring his razor sharp claws down and deftly remove each without crushing or slicing through them before popping them into his ears. His eyes flickered as his augmented reality hud flickered to life and he sent his masseuse bitch a text encouraging him to swing by early. He was going to fuck the first service boy to show up today for certain with his amorous mood. He'd say service girl too, but he tried to employ the services of boys to make his husband more comfortable. It never was a matter of him getting jealous TJ fucked every ass in range under the sun, if anything he encouraged it when he like so many couldn't hardly handle the taur's size and sheer stamina. It was the part of TJ being a insatiable brute who never was satisfied with the first load or the seventh. The testosterone that coursed through his veins was like being in mating season all year long. The simple fact of the matter is he seldom ever went flaccid once he was awake.

It was the weekend and it was Saturday. Date Night. Nikki was with Killer and Blake in their own apartment for the day. Aside from the service boys, he was Alex's throbbing problem for today. Not that either men needed excuses to stoke the fire of their love. Happily married for fourteen months now every day was the same passion as if it was their first honeymoon. It was mercy more than anything he'd spare his lovely helljag his throbbing need first thing in the morning. He'd need to pace their lovemaking to last all day long without tiring the poor jaguar out without exhausting him early. TJ knew Alex would beat himself up with guilt if they didn't go to bed at the same time tonight and made that his focus every Saturday.

No couple was free of drama but just as Alex chastised his love of cigars and whiskey he didn't hesitate to point out his concern with his husband's issues with anxiety. He never showed offense to his lover being critical of him, even if a mixed glass of bourbon was like beer to a fire demon like him. He saved his glass or two for the evening, but decided he'd toke up if to make a morning of labor more fun. TJ meandered his way to a display of ebony-stained miniature wood coffins on display in a backlit cupboard against the wall. Solid mahogany stained to an obsidian black and shined to absolute perfection embossed with gold leaf with a rich red velvet interior that held his personal collection of designer Hellroad Spikes. Compared to normal-sized individuals these fat

stoges were easily five or six times the size of a normal Cuban cigar. Sized for a man of his stature to still both be very large but appropriately sized for a fourteen-foot-tall taur. There was no need for a lighter when he was by all measure a living lighter himself. Treat in hand and claws retracted into his pads to minimize sound the demon carefully, quietly meandered his way out of the bedroom into the main breath of the mansion, closing the door after dragging his cock over his lover with his eyes. A smile on his face.

Over eight whole feet throbbing, vein gnarled feline-equine pride swayed, flopped, and spurted its sticky preseed over the shitsmeared floors of the mansion as TJ admired the view of the city below. Most of the mansion's exteriors one-way blackout glass. Shutters lowered to keep things dim in the corridors flanked by red running lights that directed TJ to one of his favorite places in his home, the kitchen. TJ finally lifted the cigar to his maw and flicked his claws. A spark and small burst of flame plumed in his hand before the other end of the cigar was lit. A column of blue smoke rising from it as TJ took his first deep hit and exhaled. It did little for him aside from feel nice and above all, focus on something beyond what was throbbing with need all over the floor. The layers of shit over the ground making it pleasant to drag his cheetahhood around his home in relative comfort as he mulled over what to make. It was also worth noting all throughout this TJ like an absolute beast of a man hadn't stopped shitting almost the entire time it took him to claim his cigar for the day and make his way to the kitchen. He was swaying them hips slinging thick cheetah cable fresh and steamy every last step of the way. You didn't stop shitting, you merely learned to do other things while continuing to shit. Only newborns by their standards struggled with multitasking whilst shitting. Struggling with it was more or less seen as cute and endearing at how fresh as grass you'd be to struggle with Voracanix 101 matters.

Eventually, the overhead lights snapped on and after his eyes began to slowly adjust TJ approached his woodfired stove and with a snap of the fingers it was set ablaze, fired and ready for his pots and pans. He slapped several chopping blocks down and meandered his way to the pantry. Actually bothering to reluctantly pinch his logs off long enough to enter, grab what he wanted, and immediately resume shitting once outside. He had too much respect for cooking to shit in his own pantry. It'd ruin the flavor of something more than just shit. As much as he himself was known to sample his own handiwork, cooking was special to even a cheetah as nasty and disgusting as himself. Paws normally splattered with shit 24/7 were washed and latex gloves slipped on to handle the task at hand with careful consideration as spices were selected and kitchen knifes were picked out. He took careful considering to make sure his cock didn't slip over the kitchen counters despite throbbing all over the place. Painting his home in his own lust as he normally did, the kitchen was sacred even to a perv and degenerate like him. TJ didn't cook to feed his lover. No cooked meal could match simply shitting down his throat for hours at a time. It was to delight him. Make his tastebuds dance with something visually and physically rewarding with its taste. Love, art, and passion married with measured skill as his cutting knifes diced onions and carved up ham with rapid and clinical precision. Egg crepes were laid in pillowy sheets next to diced ham and oven roasted pork steaks carved to savory sizzling slivers in a bed of oil and seasoning in the skillet. THe prior night's preparations in his tri-compartment crock pot were likewise ready and positively falling off the bone like the bones of his digested crackling and squelching right out his ass. He was absolutely ravenous but delighting his hubby always came first before a rampage.

Almost an hour later the doors to the bedroom opened and with a purr over eight feet of throbbing, needy kitty cock in one massive and thick equine package pushed that pillow of shit out of Alex's arms and pressed his aching need right into his lover's arms. Purring like a house cat TJ mowed lowly and sharted, not holding back this time to give the sloppy blast plenty of noise to it. The gorgeous eyes of his flickered open to his husband's shit-covered cock smearing him in cock slop, throbbing against his body to the fetid and sloppy sounds of him farting and sharting with unabashed pride.

He was hardly trying, but it was obnoxiously loud by most standards. Enough to rattle the rafters as Teej belched and continued purring contently, slathering his cock all over the waking helljag.

Waking up to a face-full of his husband's cock was something Alex could do every day of his life and it'd never get old. Once he realized what was going on he half-growled in delight. His vocal chords not capable of purring like his cheetah of a husband. Even if he was ironically the far bigger cat despite Alex being the jaguar. He giggled to a repeated face-full of pint after pint of precome gently spewing its hot and sticky load over his face with every throb of that absolute pillar of meat. Its weight boring down on the not-so-big cat who wrapped himself around Teej's cock like one would a liferaft in a drowning sea. No tummy rubs today Alex could see. It was spewing out his ass very nicely this morning much to his delight and approval. Teej was almost criminally romantic in the mornings when he didn't need his tummy untangled.

Alex kissed his king cheetah like the actual king he made him feel like right on the piss slit of his pulsing, vein-gnarled pride. Dragging his tongue over that flared tip and savoring the potent flavor of his man. Showered in his preseed TJ bore down on Alex who couldn't help but shower that cock in affection for minutes straight before ever reluctantly pulling himself away to speak.

"No tummy trouble today babe?" he asked. He didn't need to see that smiling face to feel the throbbing love boring down on him. You got used to the unbalanced interactions when your lover was a taur. Just because he couldn't physically see it, didn't mean he couldn't feel the warmth of that wide smile on his husband's face looking down on him he knew was there. TJ only purred like this for two people. Him and their daughter Nikki.

"Shittin' hard and fine today asswipe," TJ cooed with all the affection meant behind the slurs. It was their pillow talk. He belched lowly in Alex's face, the jaguar inhaling that vile early morning shitbreath with a sort of euphoric glee that made his cock leap and spurt with want.

"Hope you slept well slut, breakfast is ready," TJ replied. A tingle of thrill rippled through Alex's body when he watched those glorious fat haunches rise up over him head down in the muck and shit. His mouth drooled almost rabidly for the cat shit he thought was coming. His lover made a whole civilization go extinct just to shit down his throat with the remains this morning. A love letter practically in itself that made his cock instantly leap to attention nearly so hard it slapped his chin. He may have been his husband's slut, but in true Filthrea fashion his god's blessed body sported a throbbing rod obscenely huge for his former self.

Alex’s ears splayed, his cock leaped and spurted its own cockslop readily. Dear gods did he want it. His cheechee’s ass in the morning was all he could ever want. His husband’s cock and shitsleeve.

Words seldom did TJ any justice to describe the dumptruck of a ass the cheetah taur had. The rotund mass of that bulging, pronounced pucker was larger around than the helljag’s entire body. Enormous with sweat beading and visibly running down its glistening shit-smeared surface that practically gave off steam in the dimness of the room.

Alex’s jaw slackened and his maw watered like he was some form of rabid cat.

Almost cruelly, that gloriously steamy and juicy wall of shit never manifested in his face as he was so used to. Lost in a world of his husband’s shit. He whimpered, almost yelped in dismay and slammed his face insistently against his hubby’s fat pucker, nuzzling, trying to dig his way into those pillowy bloated mounds of love into his lover’s colon he could swim through by heart.

“That’s desert this time shitty kitty,” TJ purred and led the way to the kitchen.

“It was… disappointing, but Alex supported his husband’s hobbies enough to compose himself. He pinched off the logs spilling out his ass and shifted himself up to his feet before tarrying close behind… mesmerized by those thick, gargantuan swaying hips. Despite the modernity of the mansion it was always marked with liberal amounts of shit, piss, and cum splatter that marked the walls and windows. A sea of bone riddling the sides of the floors pushed aside over the course of the last day or two. Shit-smeared skulls didn’t phase either in their love nest.

The kitchen was a stark contrast to the literal shithole of the rest of the mansion. TJ’s rules if you had to piss, shit, or cum it was outside the kitchen.